

To the tune of Watton Townes end.



I will not be too long,
 for you all attend a while,
 and listen to my story.

the Father's first-born,
and discipleship to him
in learning, sports, or pleasure,
or to his for delight.
I have said I offer:
that the both things be made
can be used to honor her tongue
for the rat lies in the mouth.

If a fish there are but five, and
 to sell you out of bank:
 I am sure sure to little
 go he are the bottom out
 Gaffe a back for two pence,
 I am sure sure to little
 to sell you out of bank,
 the people there do be go.

[illegible]

But the c^h give a bl' thing,
to some but not to all:
To bear to love to Cy'urne,
and there to let it fall,
He muller with his golden chamber,
and his daffy necker:
3 f'ish he gaint but two bulhols,
he cross small deals a park.

The Wheelwright the Wapler,
 as no other be sure:
 They cannot work, but they must scale
 to have their hands in fire,
 For it is a common proverb,
 throughout all this towne,
 The Wapler be must not their dance,
 For every loomans getteth.

Sparks out the Master man,
 attending for his fare:
 That and son of that and say,
 he almost takes a share.
 He earnestly come listen,
 come to the place,
 And here and there hear a bit,
 and that his down the street.

Where'er you're passing by,
 Bid them to ride to Stamford.
 When I get to the old castle,
 I will go home to my wife.
 But let me go and bid them,
 Shall be a happy man.
 Let all be one in heart, I am glad,
 Let them take it to the plain.

Don't show for me 13 times,
the points more health for;
For hats of caps of bunnies,
or any old plow rings.
I don't have a hat,
I don't have a pair,
I don't have a pair,
I don't have a pair.

Kive Cheryn,
 the Coffer-keeper,
 Pophins line, of Peares,
 another tier hies,
 With basket on his head,
 His living to advance,
 And in his purse a pair of Dice,
 For to play at Runchance

Hot Pimples,
To sell but my friends:
Purching pins & paws,
Well drest forth Candies ends,
Will you be now Wills,
I doot a word to cry,
All I have left of fresh Chiffon,
another after him. (craama)

Oh the world went madly,
My thought had a mad goal:
To see her cherry cheeks,
To dimpled eye such blue,
Her waist so white washed white:
As any little school,
Would I had time to talk with her
The space of half an hour.

28 My blacke faith the blacking man
 the best that are was some:
 Did god for poore men Cithiens
 to make that it thurst to fyne,
 Cithia a rare comot for
 it must not be forgot,
 It twelke the fyne gilder gallantly
 and wisely make for sot.

the two is full of these bare parts,
that line upon their pen:
So they will be too eloquent,
they are such outp-men.
Let the grinner with his budget,
the bigger with his wallet,
Two Turners turn a gallant man,
at making of a ballet.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for L.W.

Turners dish of Lentten stuffe, or a Galymaufery.
To the tune of Watton Townes end.



Will you all attend a while,
And listen to my story.
The which shall be so true,
That I will tell you what her eye,
In a moment of the eye,
Will not be too long,
For you all attend a while,
And listen to my story.

The which shall be so true,
That I will tell you what her eye,
In a moment of the eye,
Will not be too long,
For you all attend a while,
And listen to my story.

For when they are but little tall,
To tell you out of doubt:
For my sake is to tell,
Go be at the bottom out,
That is the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence.

For when they are but little tall,
To tell you out of doubt:
For my sake is to tell,
Go be at the bottom out,
That is the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence,
For the first of two pence.

But the old man's blessing,
To some but not to all:
To be as to be to Cy'arne,
And then to let it fall,
The miller with his golden chamber,
And his daisy necker:
If that he gains but two bushels,
He does much more a perch.

The Merchant and the Taylor,
Can neither be sure:
They cannot work but they must scale,
To have their hands in bre,
For it is a common proverb,
Throughout all the town,
The Taylor he must cut their clothes,
For every loom and gown.

For when they are but little tall,
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FINIS.

Imprinted at London for LW.

The second part, or you are welcome my guest to
your Lenten fare if you come when Lent is gone, you
shall have better cheere, To the same tune,

It is the fat sole of the Curtin,
and the lean sole of the Wall:
Since shanke is lame to sing his tunes,
he is counted but a gull.

The players of the Banke side,
the round House and the Swan,
will teach you to singen of love,
but they will not play the man.

That he doth that tattling,
if hee doth so:
That hee goe to comitt sin,
to play among the Wives,
for vanishing and for crying Lads,
with your base Artillerie:
That hee looke you as an Assegate,
and let him be so.

And some there be that playe a game,
I knowe not what they be:
That pitch the simple Country men,
with murthering of a be:
For hee is thought a be,
the plebeian him paye to see,
There hee enteraine me in a day,
then hee shall in a yeare.

Which makes them frening up houses,
made of brick and stone:
And some men goe a begging,
when house and land is gone:
Some there be with both hands
hittin, as they will not delie,
Till they have turned all up the beam,
as many be to see.

You Masters give me advice,
when is your waring done:
though your wares be sold, your thur or loil
your riches I knowe well,
And you that sell your wares by weight,
and live upon the scale:
Some be such that they will traine to fight,
and talken the same in plain.

And some there be that sell
I have heard of by barke:
The best of the bottom
you may see the Dutch are quicke,
There is the blacke colour,
which is living to be sold,
As hee that will the cowards see,
sometimes hee is a gale.

Thou shalt see the money bagge,
that liveth so at ease:
For when hee goeth thou shalt see,
the money bagge of
And for the money bagge,
the money bagge.

Except thou dost repent thy sinnes,
hell fire will be thy portion.

For thus I came to Pound-bitch,
then round about I crept:
Where actually is crowned chiefe,
and putte fall a slape,
Where they get's profit,
and others beare the hel,
Do sit upon the dead sinners,
it fittes the house to hel.

The man that swipes the chimneys,
with the bunch of the reed:
And one who is a trade of poles,
tipped with beames:
With care he is not cumbyed,
he lieth not in reed:
For though he were ashen on his pils,
some were them on the head.

The Landlord with his rascaling rents,
turne poore men out of doore:
Where children get a beggins,
where they haue spent their hope,
I hope none is as idle:
at the which is indicted,
If any be, let him come home,
and take a pen and write it.

Buy a trap a Dogge trap,
a tormentor to the dogs:
Let aung man be kept but halfe the day,
he shall be as much at ease:
Come let us come to the play,
and let's play the play,
And let's be good to the hots,
to play the play to the cat.

Oh you rascall sinners lads,
that live upon your wits:
Take heed of the blacke Ague,
for then be you as good as dead:
For many a proper man,
for to supply his lacke:
Doth leape a leape at the burne,
which makes him wick to crack.

And to him that wait this long,
I give you the simple lot:
For every one that wait,
to wait him wick a pot:
And thus I have continue,
making both health and peace,
To those that are laid in their bed,
and cannot sleepe for ease.

FINIS. W. Turner.
As London printed for J. W.